East Meets West:
Alice the Angel Spanks Mina Ashido
By Yu May and Spider-Sans

On the bustling streets of Toon Town, a black-and-white paper boy, who looked like he was drawn by the Fleischer brothers themselves, was waving a dead-tree-edition newspaper to the passing crowd. “Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Indie animation making big waves on YouTube!”

Three cartoon passersby paused to examine the headline: a man drawn in the 4Chan MS paint style, a woman drawn in the slick digital painting style that A.I. likes to rip off, and a gender-non-comformist in the Tumblr art style.

The woman cooed with delight. “Indie animation? Ooh, I love supporting independent animation projects!”

The man examined the newspaper with sympathetic eyes. “I dunno. Cartoons only seem to be good when they were made at the precise moment when I was growing up.”

The gender-non-conformist squealed, “Hey! At least *our* cartoons have realistic depictions of panic attacks!”

The woman waved a finger. “Now, you three, we’re all enthusiasts of the art of animation, aren’t we? Can’t we just agree to disagree on matters of taste, and come together to support independent animation.”

All three of them paused to consider this suggestion, humming. “Hmmm…”

Then, all three of them simultaneously pulled cartoon mallets, wrenches, and baseball bats with nails in them out of thin air, and started whomping on each other in the middle of the street.

The Fleischer brothers paper boy watched the proceedings with horror, and threw his newspaper to the ground in disgust. “Aw, man! Nobody buys newspapers any more!”

Then the boy grumbled, kicked a tomato can, and stomped away.

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The tomato can sailed high into the air, bounced off a flag pole, was caught by a seagull, and after a delightful Rube-Goldberg-inspired sequence animated to a

snazzy jazz track, the can finally landed in front of Alice Angel, co-star of the hit independent rubber-hose-style video game *Bendy and the Ink Machine*.

She gasped at the sight. “Littering? That simply won’t do!”

Daintily, Alice Angel bent over to pick up the can, giving the camera a perfect view of her rear end, and tiptoed over to deposit it in the nearest recycling bin.

Ever since Japanese anime had finally gotten popular with normies, Toon Town had been booming. The 2000’s suburban district was under constant construction work, and Alice had volunteered to help with clean up as part of Captain Planet’s “Down to Zero!” Initiative.

Work was wrapping up for the day. The cast of *Yogi Bear*, *We Bare Bears*, and the public domain version of Winnie the Pooh were all settling down for a picnic.

Alice met up with her friends on the clean up team: Jessica Rabbit, Minnie Mouse, Betty Boop, and both versions of Lola Bunny.

It had been five months since Alice had gotten in trouble for trying to steal Jessica Rabbit’s purse. After Jessica’s hand had finished having a “friendly little chat” with Alice’s bottom, Jessica had forgiven Alice and introduced her to her friend circle.

As the ladies made their way down the sidewalk, strutting their stuff, sexy bongo music played in the background, and literally every person the ladies passed by collapsed with red hearts in their eyes and big smiles on their faces.

The gals arrived at the Hidden City Cafe, the same joint where the core Pixar team had their legendary lunch/brainstorm session in 1994.

After they were served, Minnie Mouse took a sip of tea. “So, ladies, how’s work in Hollyweird these days? Any news?”

Jessica shrugged, and continued spooning an impossible number of sugar cubes into her black coffee. “Roger and I did a cameo in that *Chip n’ Dale* flick. We saw a little bump in our royalties checks after that.”

Minnie nodded. “Nice. We loved having you two on *House of Mouse*.”

The sultry-sexy *Space Jam* version of Lola Bunny heaved a sigh. “It’s a crying shame Disney Plus shelved that project. Last gig I had was *Space Jam 2*.”

The goofy-sexy *Looney Tunes Show* version of Lola Bunny slurped on a milkshake, then nodded furiously. “Bugs got a cameo in *Coyote vs. Acme*. It was–like–bonkers

trying to get that flick released. Mostly I've just been doing video game appearances. Ack! Brain freeze!"

Betty Boop adjusted her top. "Well, as of January, I'm officially in the public domain!"

Alice Angel blinked. "Sweet! Has someone made an indie survival-horror video game with you in it yet?"

"Just an off-Broadway musical so far. What about you, Minnie?"

Minnie sighed. "Oh, same old, same old. You know Disney corporate. Theme park appearances, more TV specials. Every day it's something… Oh, Alice, where are my manners? I'm sorry. What about you?"

Alice spilled a few drops of her iced tea. "Oh… Not much since *Bendy and the Dark Revival* released. Nothing special, anyway."

Minnie smiled. "Oh, don't be so bashful, dear. That means there's something. Do tell!"

Alice choked. "Well, it's just another indie project. I'm afraid I'm nowhere near the big leagues yet."

Jessica rubbed Alice's back gently. "It's okay, Alice. You're one of us now."

Alice sighed. "Sorry for being a downer. Guess I still feel like I'm still the new kid on the block."

Before she could say more, Jessica pulled Alice's face gently between her big, beautiful, soft breasts. Alice blushed deeply as Jessica patted her head. Jessica had offered Alice a shoulder to cry on anytime she felt sad or needed some comfort. But thanks to their height difference, that meant that Alice's face usually ended up between Jessica's cleavage. Alice didn't mind.

Finally, Jessica pulled out of the hug, and ruffled Alice's hair. "Feel better?"

Alice nodded silently, red-faced.

Jessica gave Alice a warm smile. "That's good,"

Betty leaned across the table. "Don't bag on yourself, angel cake. We love having you around."

Space Jam Lola nodded. “Yeah, it’s super sweet how you read to kids at the library. And you have such a beautiful singing voice.”

“Aaaargh! Brain freeze!” screamed *Looney Tunes Show* Lola, before immediately starting to chug more of her icy, bottomless milkshake.

Minnie nodded. “You may be new to Toon Town, but you are one of us.”

Alice felt tears in her eyes, and quickly them away with a napkin. “Wow… you girls really mean it?”

Jessica sidled up close to Alice, scooped her up, and sat her down on her lap. “Of course we do, Alice. Now, I want to hear all about your little secret project!"

Alice smiled brightly. “Well, nothing too special. Bendy and I are gonna be in a movie, along with the rest of the B.A.T.I.M. crew!”

Betty’s eyes widened. “A movie? You’re joking!”

“Nope, it’s real,” Alice said proudly.

Space-Jam Lola leaned forward. “You have to tell us the plot!”

Alice gave them a playful wink. “Sorry, girls. It’s top secret. I had to sign a non-disclosure agreement and everything. Really, apart from that, it’s just more merchandising work and the spin-off games, and volunteer work around Toon Town. But it’s the weirdest thing lately, though… it’s like Toon Town’s changed completely, even just since I got here. It’s downright strange.”

Jessica raised an eyebrow. “Strange how?”

Alice cleared her throat. “Well, I’ve been seeing new toons around, but they’re not really toons? They’re drawn in this odd, pointy art style. I don’t really know how to describe it?”

Betty Boop nodded. “I get what you’re saying. I’ve seen ‘em too. I’ve been seeing those two buff guys with spiky hair everywhere these days—Goku and Vegeta, I think—and some beach-bum kid in a straw-hat showed up at the diner, ordered the all-you-can-eat buffet, and ate *all* our food. You should have seen him! We had to roll him out of the club like a big rubber beach ball. He kept going on and on about he was gonna’ be the King of the Pirates someday.”

Minnie Mouse looked annoyed. “Did his name happen to be Monkey D. Luffy?”

Betty pursed her lips, looking cute. “You know him?”

Minnie stirred her tea violently. “Oh, I never *stop* hearing about *One Piece* at Disney corporate. ‘Why aren’t your comic books putting up the kind of numbers they used to? Why is *One Piece* kicking your tails in the Teen & Young Adults demographic? How’d we let *Netflix* get the live-action adaptation deal?’”

Looney Tunes Show Lola finally stopped chugging her milkshake, looking curious. “Really? So, what kind of toons are they?”

Minnie downed the rest of her tea in one shot. “Anime. Most of ‘em got their start in the Japanese comic industry. *Manga* is the word for ‘comics’ in their language, and *anime* is their word for animation. It’s been a thriving subculture for decades in the art-film scene, but now… every hack producer in Hollywood wants some sweet, sexy *anime* merchandise.”

Jessica smirked. “Sexy? Mmm, interesting.”

Alice glanced out the window. Sure enough, the demographics of Toon Town had taken a noticeable shift in the past few years. She recognized a blond girl with two buns and a school uniform as Usagi Tsukino of *Sailor Moon* fame as she left the diner. On the table next to them, two blue hedgehogs were having a chili dog eating contest. One was clearly drawn in Milton Knight’s expressive art style, while the other hedgehog had a sleek anime look to him.

At a table on the far end of the diner, a few of the villains from Batman’s rogues’ gallery were playing cards with a sharp-eyed kid in a baseball hat. A little yellow rat on the kid’s shoulder examined the boy’s hand and shouted, “Pika, pika!” in a deep, baritone, Danny Davito voice before taking a swig from a ketchup bottle.

On the other side of the room, Alice spotted Kim Possible and Ron Stoppable, sharing a table with a family she didn’t recognize: a tall, handsome man with blond hair, a sweet looking lady wearing a pristine black bun, and a little girl with pink hair and two decorative cones that resembled horns.

Alice overheard Kim Possible geeking out about her spy gear. “So basically, air ducts are always your friend if you ever find yourself trapped in a corner during a spy situation. I find a grappling hook is a good way to–”

The little girl pointed a finger at Ron. “Hey, Mister Stoppable-san, you have a crush on Miss Kim-chan, don’t you.”

Ron gagged. “What? Yes, I do—I mean—That’s none of your business!”

The blond man shook his head. “Anya, it’s not polite to pry.”

Kim snickered. “Ha, ha. I think she read you like an open book, Ron Stoppable.”

Anya pointed her finger right at Kim’s nose. “But you have an even bigger crush on Mister Stoppable-san, don’t you, Miss Kim-chan? Why don’t you just tell him how you feel?”

Kim blushed. “What? No I don’t—I mean—That’s none of your business!”

The black haired lady snickered. “Ah, I see. Ron Stoppable must be a fan of *tsundere* girls.”

Kim shook her fists. “I don’t know what *tsundere* is, but whatever it is, I’m not *tsundere!”*

Alice turned her attention back to the window, and took a deep breath at the sight of the teeming crowd. “Wow… Toontown sure is getting bigger.”

Jessica snickered, and poked Alice’s bosom. “That’s not the only thing getting bigger. Who did your boob job? I’ve been thinking about getting a reduction.”

Alice held her breasts with both hands, giving them a gentle squeeze. “Oh, these? Bendy asked the animators to switch from digital inking to using India ink. Physical media is more…substantive. It all went straight to my chest. I was annoyed with the animators at first, but… Bendy really seems to like it. Honestly, I kind of like the new look for my girlies, too. I get a lot more random compliments.”

Jessica grinned. “Welcome to the club. You can tell everything you need to know about an animator by the way he draws his women…”

Jessica’s eyes lingered over Alice’s noticeably rounder curves. “This has been fun, gals, but I’ve got to bail. Roger and I have a hot date.”

Space-Jam Lola stood up. “Same. I gotta get home and shoot some hoops for the competitive *Multiversus* streamers.”

Betty yawned. “I’d love to stay and talk, but I need my beauty sleep.”

Minnie’s phone buzzed and she checked it. “And there’s Daisy. We’ve gotta join a Zoom call with Pamper’s Corporate. Gotta deal with a bunch of babies if you want to stay in the diapers business. Same time next week, girls?”

As they all got up to leave, Jessica looked at Alice. “You doing anything tonight, dear?”

“Oh, I’m just gonna walk around town, maybe go shopping,” Alice said.

Jessica waved. “Alright. Be careful out there.”

Alice waved back. “I will. You too, all of you.”

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The sun had set, and the streets of Toon Town were lit like a film noir picture. It was pretty spooky.

Alice clutched her purse tight. “Gee, sure hope I don’t get assaulted by any big, strong, tall, barrel-chested, muscle-bound type guys who wander the streets performing frequent violence!”

Out of the shadows emerged a big, strong, tall, barrel-chested, muscle-bound type guy wearing a black-and-grey costume and a mask with demonic-looking pointed horns. “I am vengeance. I am the knight.”

Alice waved. “Oh hi, Batman! What brings you to the junky part of town?”

Batman nodded. “Justice.”

Then, the Bat-phone rang, and Batman checked it. “Never mind. I have to go fight Lola Bunny.”

With a flourish of his cape, Batman disappeared into the shadows.

Alice sighed. “It’s nice seeing so many new superhero cartoons, what with the rising crime rates and all.”

Above her head, a garish billboard blared with an image of a not-quite-topless Minerva Mink, advertising suntan lotion.

As she strolled home, she paused to witness two punks trying to carjack a semi truck. The truck transformed into Optimus Prime, who started scolding the thieves with a voice that was so deep, sexy, and authoritative, they immediately repented of their criminal ways.

Alice heard a junkyard dog bark, and turned to see a strange scene unfolding outside the local car dump. Two street fighters were beating an old clunker to scrap with their bare hands.

Alice wondered if she should say something. Then, she heard a heroic, swelling orchestral score, and saw Spider-man swinging down majestically from the rooftops.

Spider-man landed on the fence above the scene, and shone a harsh light on the two pugilists. “Hey! What’d that car ever do to you?”

“You want to make something of it, eight-eyes?”

Spider-Man slammed a fist into his open hand. “Oh, it’s on now! I’ve been saving up my best quip material for–”

A green-haired bat lady poofed out of thin air behind Spider-man, and nuzzled up against him, boobily and breastily. “Oh, come on, Tiger. They’re just having a little fun. Why don’t you join us in a little car smashing contest? We can do Team Marvel vs. Team Capcom”

Somehow, Spider-man blushed through his mask. “But–but–my beautiful wife is expecting me!”

“Sweet. She’s welcome to join in too.”

Alice shook her head, and made her way past the junkyard. “It just doesn’t feel like the same town anymore. Crime. Corruption. Endless A.I. trash littering the streets.”

Grumbling, Alice stomped away from the junkyard. She passed by two devilish-looking rose-red cartoon ladies without stopping. The two succubi were wearing tags that announced them as “Extras.”

Jazz the Succubus turned to watch Alice Angel’s ass as she walked away, and whistled at the sight of her bouncing booty. “Phew! Damn, just look at those buns move, Ruby.”

Ruby the Succubus smirked. “This gives me an idea for our roleplay night.”

“Mmm, lemme’ guess: angel gets captured by a demon, followed by a classic damsel in distress interrogation scenario in a medieval BDSM dungeon?”

“I was more thinking a little light rope play. With an obligatory spanking scene, of course.”

Jazz purred softly. “You should play the damsel this time, Rubes. You’d make for a perfect angel.”

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Dusk had set on Toon Town, but the city still sparkled with life in the commercial district. Alice bought the best burger she’d ever tasted from a food truck, manned by a cute, yellow sponge-boy who took immense pride in his work.

Alice made her way to the park and settled on a bench to finish her meal. She was looking forward to another long, quiet, boring evening. “I should get home. Bendy’s probably home from work by now. And he worries so.”

Then, a strange, pink thing came flying out of the woods. The figure landed smoothly, seeming to glide along the grass in a blur, before it leapt twisting in mid air, on a direct collision course for the bench. Alice saw a woman’s posterior, clad in a skin-tight neon-colored camo pattern sweatpants, flying straight towards her face, and ducked to the side.

The pink thing slammed down onto the bench next to Alice. The bench rocked precariously on two legs, before settling back down with a thump. The pink thing turned out to be a woman with bright pink skin and hair, yellow horns, and black and orange eyes. She was wearing a skin-tight, neon-green-and-purple unitard with boots and a fur-lined biker jacket. The woman yawned, and stretched her arms. “Whew! What a rush… Oh, sorry, lady, I didn’t see you there. I gotta be more careful. I could have crashed right into you, ass-first… Say, aren’t you Alice Angel? From *Bendy and the Ink Machine*? Omi’*gawd!* I’m such a fan!”

“Oh? You’ve played it?”

“Played it? I’ve hundred-percented it three times! I dig indie survival horror. I’m Mina Ashido, supporting cast of *Boko No Hero Academia*, by Kōhei Horikoshi.”

Alice blinked. “Is that… an anime?”

“First the manga, then the anime. The animators added about ten pounds to my butt, but it was a neat experience. We just wrapped up our final season.”

Alice struggled to remember anything she’d heard about the show. “Isn’t that… the one about the super-hero high school? So, are you still in school then?”

“I was at the start of the show, but I’ve graduated since then. I’m twenty-one now. I can get hammered now, and it’s completely legal!”

“I’m sorry I haven’t seen your show. I’ve heard it was a smash hit.”

Mina nodded, and slumped back onto the bench. “Best time of my life, sadly. The anime industry tends to be pretty one-and-done. I’m still getting a few video game appearances though.”

“Huh. That’s not too different for some of us ladies in the western animation industry, really. Don’t worry, I’m sure a beautiful girl like you will find plenty of work in Toon Town.”

Mina giggled. “Aww, stop, you’re making me blush.”

Then, Mina looked Alice over more carefully, her eyes wide. “Oh my…”

“What are you looking at?” Alice asked, though she already knew the answer.

Mina blushed to a deeper shade of pink. “Oh, I’m sorry! It’s just… your breasts are perfect. Have you ever tried doing fanservice gigs? You’d make a killing.”

“Fanservice? Is that like cheesecake?”

Mina examined the angel’s breasts more closely. “This is a bit of a weird request, but… may I please touch them?”

Alice blushed, considered the request for a second, then stood up. “Well, you did say please, so… of course.”

Alice folded her hands behind her back to present her chest. Mina reached out, holding her breasts gently. “Wow, they’re so heavy…”

Alice giggled as she felt Mina play with her breasts. Mina cooed with delight. “They’re so soft and squishy! I can’t believe they’re real!”

Alice giggled. “Haha, well, I suppose I’d do anything for a fan.”

After a few minutes of playful fondling, Mina finally let go. Alice’s breasts bounced and jiggled back into place.

Mina shuffled her feet, looking strangely bashful. “Wow, thank you again for letting me play with your tits, Alice.”

“Aww, it was no problem. I appreciate the compliment, hehe.”

The wiled away an hour talking about video game appearances, cameos in other shows, and life in Toon Town. Finally, Alice checked the time. “Oh my, it’s ten o’clock already? I better get home.”

Mina jabbed her thumb against her breast. “If you want, I can walk you home. As a pro hero, it’s my job to protect the local citizens!”

Alice giggled. “Oh my, my own superhero bodyguard? Well, if you insist.”

As they walked past the banking district, they heard sounds of a commotion, followed by what sounded like a gunshot. Alice froze. “What was that?”

Mina crouched low to the ground, holding her hands together. “I don’t know, but I have a bad feeling. Stay here—it might not be safe.”

Then, Mina zipped away in a blur, gliding along the ground as if she was riding on roller skates. Alice felt something wet and sticky splash her leg, and checked it. “Huh? Is this slime? Hey! Wait for me, Mina!”

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Outside the Toon Town First National Bank, a group of masked cartoon canines dressed in striped prisoner uniforms burst out the doors, carrying gigantic sacks of cash. The shortest of the group snickered. “This is poi’fect! Now that Scrooge McDuck is too busy spending all his time investing in the anime industry, we can rob this town blind! No one will be able to stop the Beagle Boys!”

“Not so fast, Beagle Boys,” said a disembodied male voice, echoing down from the sky.

“Eh, who’s talkin’, boss?”

“I’m the Narrator, of course. And if you’ll kindly stop stepping on my lines, I have to set up a dramatic introduction. Oh, no! The Beagle Boys! Is there any superhero brave enough to put a stop to their vile acts of larceny?”

In the distance, there was an explosion, and the kickass theme song of *The Powerpuff Girls* started playing. The Powerpuff Girls arrived in a streak of pink, blue, and green light, and immediately started beating the ever-loving-snot out of the Beagle Boys.

Blossom, the leader of the trio, held up the bloodied and bruised boss of the Beagle Boys by the collar of his shirt. “That will teach you naer-do-wells to respect other people’s property!”

Buttercup, the tough tomboy, pumped her adorable, fingerless fists. “Yeah! This is our turf! You ain’t in a Disney cartoon anymore, butt-sniffer!”

Bubbles, the comic relief, paused in the middle of punching an unconscious Beagle Boy. “Hmm… Do you think if we took them to Mr. Scrooge McDuck, he could put them in jail? I’ve always wanted to meet Huey, Dewey, and Louie. I have a feeling we’d get along. Our outfits are all color-cordinated the exact same way!”

Blossom scooped up the remaining gang members into a big dog pile with one hand. “Good idea, Bubbles. And it’s already past our bed time. We should get these criminals dropped off, before the Professor starts to worry.”

Buttercup scoffed, and started slapping her rear end. “C’mon! What’s the Professor gonna’ do? Spank us?”

The Narrator’s voice echoed from above. “Uh, girls, as a professional courtesy, I think it’s only fair to warn you. You’re not actually in an official episode of the cartoon. This is an unofficial, fan-made parody made by people with a blatant spanking fetish.”

Buttercup froze, mid spank. “But that means…the Professor could actually spank us?”

Bubbled gasped. “Oh, no! I hate spankings! They hurt!”

Blossom pointed to the sky. “Then there’s no time to waste. Let’s go girls!”

The Powerpuff Girls flew away, carrying the battered bodies of the Beagle Boys with them.

At that precise moment, Mina Ashida arrived at the scene. “Have no fear! For I am here to–”

Mina saw the Powerpuff girls flying away. “Dang it! Why the heck are Western superhero cartoons so fast paced? I can barely keep up!”

The Narrator’s voice boomed. “Meanwhile, at the Toon Town Second National Bank, which was directly adjacent to the Toon Town First National Bank…”

A second group of thugs burst through the doors of the Second National Bank, carrying gigantic sacks of cash. All of them were green-skinned, and weird looking. The leader of the group, who was of course Ace, brushed back his slick, greasy hair and laughed. “Ah, ha, ha! What’d I tell ya’ boys? My plan worked! Now that the

Powerpuff Girls are too busy dealing with those Beagle Boy bozos, we can rob this town blind! No one will be able to stop the Gangreen Gang!”

Big Billy, the biggest, fattest member of the gang, scratched his head. “Duuuh... So what do we do with all this money, boss?”

Ace poked Big Billy’s big belly. “Whatever we want, big guy. It’s ours now!”

Snake, who looked like a snake, hissed happily. “Well, I know what I’m gonna do with my ssssshare.”

Lil’ Arturo, who was clearly Mexican, looked nervous. “Hey boss, shouldn’t we get going before the Powerpuff Girls show up?”

Grubber, who looked disgusting as always, burped loudly.

Ace waved his hand. “Hey, hey, don’t worry, fellas. Those babies are probably asleep by now. It’s past their bedtime, after all. Nyah, ha ha!”

“Not so fast, criminal slime!”

Then, like a streak of pink lightning, Mina crashed into the Gangreen Gang, knocking them over like bowling pins with a perfect strike. She came to a screeching halt, recreating the iconic “Akira slide” shot that you’ve definitely seen even if you’ve never seen *Akira*.

The gangsters groaned, rubbing their skulls and backsides. Ace gulped, his eyes bugging behind his slick triangular shades. “Oh no, it’s one of those new anime babe superheroes!”

Snake hissed with panic. “We better get out of here, bosssssss!”

Mina smirked. “Awww, what’s the rush, boys? Stay a bit longer—”

With an over-the-top, animated sakuga sequence, Mina spread her arms, and raised a wall of thick, white liquid, which she sent crashing forward in a sticky, viscous tidal wave. *“Ashiddo Bēru!”*

The camera cut suddenly (an old trick to save on animation expenses), and the Gangreen Gang were knocked over by the wave. The white liquid hardened around them, leaving them trapped in a sticky mess of acidic fluid.

Mina clapped her hands, and bowed. “Hehe, didn’t even break a sweat!”

Big Billy blinked. “Uhhh, boss… we still getting pizza, right?”

“RRREEEE—shut it, Billy!” Ace snapped.

Alice hid behind a tree, watching the proceedings with keen interest. “Wow, I wish I had some popcorn.”

The police soon arrived, cuffing the Gangreen Gang and checking on the workers.

“Is everyone okay?” Mina asked.

A weird spotted cat-thing in a police uniform saluted. “Thanks to you, yes.”

“Oh no, don’t thank me. You’re the real hero, Officer Bonkers, from the criminally underrated Disney afternoon cartoon, *Bonkers*.”

Suddenly, the owner of the bank stormed out, his thin mustache bristling. “What have you done?!”

He pointed at the remains of the stolen money. Half of it was melted in a steaming puddle of Mina’s acid. “It’s ruined! Ruined I say!”

Mina stared at the very green, very expensive puddle. “Huh? Sorry, mister. Guess I didn’t see it when I was capturing the criminals… Hold on, this makes no sense. My acid quirk gives me abilities similar to a snail. It shouldn’t be able to melt money in a few seconds!”

The banker flicked a dollar bill. “We use *cartoon* money at this bank! It’s not anti-acidic! You basically dipped it in turpentine!”

“But… The bad guys are cartoon characters, and I hit them with my acid. Why aren’t they melting?”

The banker waved his arms. “Because that wouldn’t be funny! Don’t you get it? Dropping anvils onto someone’s skull. Slamming someone’s fingers into a piano. Lighting a stick of dynamite instead of a cigar. If it would be funny for something to happen, then the laws of physics simply arrange themselves to allow it to happen! Don’t you know anything about how things work around here!”

Mina gasped. “Oh no! I forgot I’m not in Japan again! I’m so, so sorry, mister! Deeply—”

The bank owner roared at Mina. “You need to fix this immediately, young lady!”

While everyone was distracted, Ace whispered. “Hey guys, now’s our chance!”

Slowly, the Gangreen Gang stood, and started sneaking away on tiptoe, still held together by the solidified web of white fluid.

Mina spotted them. “Hey! They’re escaping! Stop right there!!”

But the bank owner grabbed Mina by the arm. “Never mind those bottom-one-percenters. It’s not like they have any money. But you… You need to pay for what you did! You owe me *five* giant sacks, hilariously-overstuffed with stacks upon stacks of dollar bills, with a giant dollar sign helpfully printed on the side of the bag for visual clarity.”

Mina felt her pockets, and then noticed her skin-tight camo spandex had no pockets. At that moment, Mina wished she had been drawn by Rob Liefeld, who would have given her all the pockets she could ever possibly need. “But… I don’t have my wallet on me at the moment.”

“You don’t have the money? Don’t you understand how important money is…”:

The bank owner turned to mug at the camera, smiling wickedly. “We’ve *got* to have… money!”

Then, he snapped his attention back to Mina. “So, I’ll need the number of your insurance agent.”

Mina pressed a finger to her lips. “Well–ya see, Mister–the thing is… I don’t actually have one of those insurance guys? Plus, I’m kinda’ broke.”

The bank owner tightened his grip. “Then I’ll be taking payment out of your hide!”

“W-what are you gonna do?”

The bank owner smirked, and led Mina toward a public bench. “Since you can’t fix the money… you must be disciplined. And I know just the way to handle naughty girls like you: I’m giving you a good, hard spanking.”

Mina’s eyes widened. “A… a spanking? But I’m too old for spanking, mister!”

“Nonsense. No one is ever too old for a spanking. Especially not when they have such an attractive, spankable buttocks. Now come along.”

Mina wailed, tugging uselessly at his arm. “No, no, please! Show mercy!”

Alice watched, furious. The bank owner was being ridiculous. Mina had only been doing her job. “I have to do something!”

The bank owner seated himself. “Come along now, over my lap.”

Mina cried, trying to break free. “Please don’t do this!” Then, she tripped and flopped across the man’s lap, with her helpless buttocks in the perfect position for a spanking.

Alice charged out from behind the tree. “STOP RIGHT THERE!”

Both Mina and the bank owner turned to see Alice marching up.

Alice jabbed a finger under the banker’s nose, and pulled Mina roughly off his lap. “You can’t spank her, sir! She just saved you and your workers’ lives!”

Mina flopped down onto the street, landing on her butt. “Oof!”

The banker scowled. “But she ruined the money. Therefore, she must be punished.”

Holding Mina by the shoulder, Alice backed away, and took a calming breath. “I agree with you.”

Mina stiffened, then whispered in Alice’s ear. “What are you doing? I do not want to get spanked by some creepy old man!”

Alice whispered back. “Just play along. I have a plan.”

The bank owner looked at Alice. “You do?”

Alice stiffened. It hadn’t occurred to her that her whisper would still be within earshot. “Um…yes! A plan to punish her! That’s why I’ll be the one to spank this wannabe superhero.”

Mina yelped. “WHAT?!”

But Alice gave her a quick wink.

The bank owner raised an eyebrow. “Really? And why should you be the one?”

Alice spoke smoothly, and held up two fingers. “Well, two reasons. Number one, you still have to count up the remaining money and see if you can salvage some of it. And number two… no offense, but given your age, she probably won’t feel anything.

I’m younger and stronger. By the time I’m done with her, she’ll be crying and begging for mercy.”

The banker’s mustache bristled. “Hey! That’s ageist!”

“Sorry, sorry, sir! But think about it! I’m younger and more…” Alice switched to a sweet, dulcet tone of voice, and added the last word with emphasis. “…*firm-handed!”*

Mina finally caught on, and affected her best theater kid voice. Unfortunately, she was a natural ham actress. “Oh please, mister! Don’t make me get spanked by the angel! I don’t want my perfect booty to be in pain! I want you to spank me! Please, please!”

The bank owner glanced at the money, then shrugged. “Well, since you’re so scared of the angel… I believe you should be spanked by her.”

Mina feigned horror. “What?! Oh please, mister, don’t do this!”

The bank owner shooed them off. “Go on now, get going! Don’t keep your spanking waiting. As for you, Miss Angel, you best teach her a lesson, you hear?”

Alice gave him a salute. “Aye aye, sir!”

She turned to Mina, and started marching alongside her. “Come now, you’ve got a spanking coming right up… Hey, where do you live?”

Mina muttered under her breath. “It’s not that far. Just keep going straight until he can’t see us,”

As the girls left, the bank owner went back to check the rest of the money.

The Gangreen Gang were hiding behind a dumpster, snickering… Until the Powerpuff Girls appeared right behind them.

Blossom tossed her ponytail. “Going somewhere, boys?”

Buttercup crossed her arms. “You guys forgot your beating.”

Bubbles giggled. “I heard you guys are having meatloaf in prison. We better get you there as soon as possible!”

Ace gasped, and sunglasses fell off. “But… but… it’s past your bedtime! You’re gonna get in trouble!”

Blossom cricked her neck. “We called the Professor and told him we were scared of getting spanked for staying out so late.”

Buttercup pounded her fists together. “Yeah, he says he understands, that he’s not angry with us, and told us to stay calm and find a police officer to help us.”

Bubbles grinned so evilly, it was adorable. “Which is exactly what we’re gonna do, *after* we kick your butts!”

The gangsters all gulped audibly. Then, the screen went black, followed by a series of explosive effects and sounds of cartoon violence.

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After getting safely away from the bank, Alice Angel and Mina Ashido ducked into the nearest alley. They both sighed in relief as they leaned against the brick wall behind them.

Mina hugged Alice. “Aah, thank you so much, Alice! You’re a lifesaver. You have no idea.”

Alice smiled. “Well, I had to do something. It just didn’t feel right. You did everything you could.”

“Yeah, that old guy was probably a pervert who just wanted an excuse to spank a hot young girl.”

Alice giggled.

Mina blinked. “You’re not really gonna spank me… are you?”

“Well… I didn’t exactly promise him I would. But it’s completely your choice, Mina. I don’t want to force you into anything,” said Alice, gently.

Mina thought about it. She didn’t like being spanked, but Alice had been nice enough to let her fondle her breasts… and being spanked by a sexy rubber-hose cartoon girl didn’t sound so bad.

Mina looked at Alice’s curvy body, and swallowed. “Okay.”

Alice crossed her arms. “Okay what?”

“I’ll let you spank me, Alice.”

Alice was taken aback. “Really? Mina, are you sure?”

Mina nodded, blushing. “Yes. I want you to spank me. I’ve been thinking this ass of mine could use some punishment." She gave her own butt a slap. “I’m supposed to be a hero. I should have been more careful. My friends and I teach our students to exercise control and responsibility… I guess I forgot that today. This spanking will remind me. Plus…”

As she pinched the waistband of her skin-tight camo pants, Mina’s face turned bright red. “I did play with your breasts for a while. So it’s only fair you get to play with my ass.”

Mina turned around, and slowly lowered her pants to show off her beautiful, round pink booty. “Go on. Give it a feel.”

Alice’s face went red as she stared. “Oh my, Mina…”

She placed her hand on Mina’s butt, rubbing and squeezing. It was incredibly soft, like a marshmallow. “Well, if you say so… let’s get this naughty booty of yours ready for its spanking.”

When they reached Mina’s apartment, Mina locked the door behind them. It was small, but cozy.

Alice took a look around. “Oh my, you keep a tidy home, Mina.”

“Thanks! I tend to get acidic fluids everywhere when I use my powers, so I have to clean up a lot. I really need that deposit back. Come on, let’s go to my room so no one can hear us.”

Mina took Alice’s hand and led her to the bedroom. The bed was huge and incredibly soft. Alice felt like she was sitting on a cloud when she sat down. “Wow, this bed is really comfy.”

Alice patted her thigh. “Alright, Mina… over my lap.”

Mina tensed. “Wait! Can I take a shower first? I’ve been running around and I kinda smell.”

“Of course you may.”

“Okay. Just so you know, if you try to peep on me while I’m in the shower, I actually don’t mind, but as a seasonal anime waifu girl, I am contractually obligated to

squeal, throw something at you, and call you a pervert in a tsundere fashion. Just know you have my consent to ogle me.”

Alice let Mina shower for a few minutes, before her curiosity got the better of her. The moment she peeked through the door, Mina threw a rubber ducky with such force, it left a duck-shaped impression on Alice’s face. Mina peeped from behind the curtain. “Eeek! Get out, you pervert… and thanks, I’m flattered.”

After Mina finished showering, Alice took one too. She sent Bendy a text message explaining she’d be spending the night with a friend and wouldn’t be back until tomorrow afternoon.

“He’s probably gonna spank me for worrying him,” she muttered, then laughed.

Alice wrapped herself in towels, and stepped out to find Mina waiting for her, still drying off from her own shower. Slowly, Mina dropped the towel around her waist, showing off her naked body.

Alice couldn’t take her eyes off Mina: nice perky breasts (not quite as big as hers, but lovely and firm) and especially that amazing butt!

Smiling teasingly, Mina turned around to show her rear. “Hehe, like what you see?”

Alice dropped her own towel. Mina’s eyes widened. “Whoa, what are you doing?”

Alice held up her arms. “Well, since I’m gonna spank you naked, it’s only fair if I’m naked too. Don’t be shy… take a good look!”

Mina walked around her, admiring every curve. “Wow, Alice… you have an amazing body.”

Alice glanced back. It was delightful to admire the nude form of someone who was in the middle of admiring your own nude form. “Aww, thanks. I could say the same about you.”

They spent a few minutes squeezing each other and petting each other, giggling the whole time.

Finally, Alice sat back on the bed. “Are you ready for your spanking, Mina?”

Mina crawled over her lap. “Yes, I’m ready, Miss Alice. Spank me.”

Mina shook her butt teasingly.

Alice’s breath caught at the sight of Mina’s naked ass—it looked even bigger and rounder up close. “Oh my… what a beautiful pink booty you have.”

She began rubbing it slowly.

Mina let out a little moan. “Ah… what are you doing back there?”

“I just want to give this bottom of yours a little massage. A trick I picked up from my friend Jessica Rabbit.”

Alice took her sweet time, squeezing and massaging both butt cheeks, spreading them, watching them bounce and jiggle.

Mina bit her lip, enjoying it. “Oooh… mmm… wait, you’re friends with Jessica Rabbit?”

“Yes, and Minnie Mouse, Betty Boop, and Lola Bunny. They’re amazing toons,” Alice replied, still playing with Mina.

Mina’s voice turned dreamy. “Ooh, I love Minnie Mouse! Did you know, Osamu Tezuka, the grandfather of manga, chose his career because he was inspired by Walt Disney? I’d love to get Minnie’s autograph from her?”

“Oh? I’ll ask her to give you one. Minnie loves her fans.”

After finishing the playful massage, Alice patted Mina’s bottom. “Okay, I think that’s enough for the massage. Wouldn’t you agree?”

Mina looked a little disappointed, but nodded. “Yes, Miss Alice… I’m ready. Wait—you’re not gonna use a belt or hairbrush or anything, right?”

“No, I prefer my hand. I want to feel the same sting you do, so I know it hurts.”

Mina sighed with relief, and shook her booty invitingly. “Oh thank goodness. I prefer the hand anyway.”

Alice wrapped one arm around Mina’s waist to hold her in place, raised her hand, and brought it down with a loud, *“SMACK!”*

“YEOW!!!!” Mina yelped, eyes shooting open.

Alice began spanking steadily, watching Mina’s booty bounce and jiggle with every smack. Her own big breasts bounced to the rhythm of the spanking.

Mina kicked her legs. “Ow! Ow! Oooh! Haaaa, it hurts!”

“I know it does. Do you want me to stop?” Alice asked gently.

“NO… no, please keep going,” Mina whimpered.

“As you wish.” Alice licked her palm and brought it down harder, leaving a stinging handprint.

Mina yelled, but not too loud. They both knew full well that Alice was holding back from using her full strength.

After nearly an hour of slow, steady spanking, Mina’s ass was turning bright red. “Owie! Owie! Aahh! Ouch! Ouchie! Eey!”

Alice started spanking a little more firmly, and increased the pace to pepper every inch of Mina’s tingling buttocks. “Your ass is starting to get pretty red, sweetie. We’re almost done, okay? But I think you need something that will stick with you a while, to remind you to be more careful.”

Mina was crying, kicking, and begging. “Yow! Eey! Please stop! My ass—I can’t feel it! Owie! Please, I promise to be a better hero!”

Alice hummed. “Mmm. You promise?”

Mina cries grew louder. “YES I PROMISE! PLEASE STOP! AAAHH!”

Alice gave her a few more solid smacks, then stopped. She pulled Mina up into a big hug on the bed, holding her close. “Sssshhh, it’s okay. It’s all over. You did good, sweetie. I’m very proud of you.”

Mina sniffled, still crying softly. “I’m sorry for being so reckless… I promise to do better.”

Alice looked into her eyes and kissed her cheek. “You did your best, sweetie. That’s all that matters. You are a true hero. Would you like me to kiss your booty to make it feel better?”

Mina blushed and nodded. “Yes please… kiss my booty.”

She went back over Alice’s lap. Alice put on her lipstick and began planting soft, loving kisses all over Mina’s sore bottom, leaving pretty kiss marks.

Mina sighed in relief. “Mmm… that helps a little. Thank you.”

Alice smiled and hugged her tightly. Mina nuzzled her face between Alice's naked breasts. Alice giggled, and rubbed Mina's head. "My my, you like them, don't you?"

Mina nodded, brushing her lips against Alice's white flesh. "They're very soft. Could I use them as pillows tonight?"

Alice landed a playful swat across Mina's rump. "Of course you can. Now let's get this naughty bottom under the covers. That should keep us warm and toasty tonight."

They snuggled in bed. Mina kept her face happily buried between Alice's breasts while Alice rubbed Mina's warm, spanked booty with both hands.

"Since you have my boobs, it's only fair if I get your booty tonight," Alice whispered.

Mina giggled. "Yeah, go for it… Thank you, Alice. For the spanking and for being so nice and helpful."

Alice smiled. "It was nothing, sweetie. Want to know a little secret? I didn't even use my full strength on you."

Mina looked up. "W-what? Why?"

"Only very naughty children or grown-ups need a real spanking… but you haven't done anything bad. Not really," Alice said softly.

Mina smiled. "Thank you, Alice. You're the best." She yawned. "Mm… so what do you want to do tomorrow?"

Alice yawned too. "I know a good breakfast place we can go to. But before that… you could spank me."

Mina's face was still nestled in her chest. "W-what? Seriously? You want me to spank you?"

"I spanked you. It's only fair you do the same to me," Alice said with a playful smile.

Mina grinned. "Welp… hope those heavenly cheeks are ready for my hand, angel."

Both girls laughed softly as they drifted off to sleep together in each other's arms.

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Meanwhile, back at the diner, *Looney Tunes Show* Lola Bunna was still slurping on her bottomless milkshake. Mustafa, the background waiter character from Pixar's Ratatouille, arrived at her table, clutching a menu. "Ma'am? I'm afraid the café is closing for the night."

Lola Bunny held up a single finger, still sucking on the straw. Finally, she finished it, and slammed it down on the table. "Argh! Brain freeze!"

[The End]